VOLUME LV CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1905. NUMBER 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE.

In darkest days and nights o f storm,
Men know thee but to fear thy form;
And in the reddest lightning saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days, we read thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above;
And in the track of every storm
Behold thy beauty's rainbow form;

And in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always wisdom,—perfect love
From flowers beneath to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains,
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
For their Almighty Love is here.

—*Theodore Parker.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1905. NUMBER 6

Return, Alpheus,—the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the Swart-Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
—*From Milton's Lycidas.*

The great railroad lines that carry the milk supply into New York are planning to convey the same in refrigerator cars, cooling the milk en route, thus protecting more effectively the sanitary quality of this important food supply. And this they promise to do without advancing the price.

The *Congregationalist* finds satisfaction in the thought that Mr. Thomas, the writer of "Fagin," the story that drew the five-thousand-dollar first prize in the *Collier* contest, is the son of a Congregational minister. It is also interesting to note that of the sixty-eight short stories accepted, eleven came from Massachusetts, twenty-two from New York, seven from Illinois, three from Colorado and four from Indiana. Harvard College carries off the greater number of the prizes, and the minister, Washington Gladden's story of "The Daughter of the Factory," will be looked for with interest.

The newest suggestion in the interest of peace is that which makes war loans on the part of non-combatants contraband matter. If the bankers of the world quit lending money to warring powers because they pay a high rate of interest, the war resources of any nation would soon be exhausted. The same principle will yet be applied to the unseemly, unmeaning and highly demoralizing partisan wars that deaden the civic conscience of communities before every election. If men of wealth who contribute their money would withhold their contributions from these wasteful compaignings, the boisterous spellbinders and frenzied manufacturers of cheap enthusiasm would soon go out of business.

A recent conference held in Boston of eighteen college presidents, heads of theological schools, leading clergymen and bishops, concluded that there are today enough ministers, such as they are, but the quality is not up to standard. They decided that what the church needs is abler and more efficient men in the ministry. At the present time they say the ministry seems to be an extra hazardous profession in which the peace of mind as well as the maintenance of conscientious men are exposed to too many risks. *Harper's Weekly* commenting on this, adds:

> One of the privileges dear to the American mind is that of amending the details of his theology whenever he finds he has gotten enough new light to warrant it. A layman may do that without embarrassment, but if a minister does it he must carry his congregation with him or be prepared to be charged with breach of contract.

Let the churches ponder over this situation.

The *Congregationalist* in its editorial columns seems much confused over the Rockefeller gift problem, but it arises to prophetic heights and unwittingly points where the devout conscience as well as the devout heart must find lodgment, when it says:

> The protest of these ministers represents a fine and praiseworthy ethical passion; it is one of the many tokens of our time that indicate righteous impatience with things as they are and a burning desire that the kingdom of heaven shall come into American business and industrial world as well as in far off Asia and Africa.

If this is the true spirit, then in heaven's name let it not be blurred with the brutal bludgeon of a better method. Conscience, heaven, sin and hell are all matters of spirit and not of method. The apple tree is alive; it does its work through the new wood on the outer circles, which is soft, tender, sensitive; not through the hardened core, which is formal, strong, but is in the way of decay and not of life.

An enthusiastic interpreter of the architecture of the new First National bank building in Chicago calls it a "symphony in straight lines." The arch has been the type, symbol and climax of the beautiful in architecture, according to modern interpretations. There are modern architects who still say they do not know how to construct a building without an arch. When the building material was stone or brick, the arch was indispensable and it lent itself gracefully to artistic ends, but when iron and cement come to be the sustaining factors in a building, then the arch becomes an affectation, a fraud oftentimes, and the architect accepting the fact that honesty is the first element in beauty must soon advance to realize that lines and angles can take on proportions and lend themselves to symmetry when there is an artist behind them. Proportion and symmetry are not things of brick and mortar nor yet of mathematical rules; they lie in the brain of the creating man.

That was high preaching that came from the Secretary of the Treasury to the Methodist Conference in session at Baltimore last week. Mr. Shaw broke the bread of the everlasting gospel to the preachers there assembled. It was a layman summoning the clergy to judgment. Not only the Methodist church,

but all churches are designed not for rich people nor yet for poor people; the educated nor the uneducated; the cultured nor the uncultured. Said the Secretary:

I do not believe it was ever the design of God or man that the church should be for the one to the exclusion of the other. The only way to keep a church is to stop drawing distinctions between the sons of men. This country of ours has gotten along pretty well this far without class distinctions. God grant that in this church there shall be neither rich nor poor, high nor low, bond nor free.

The Secretary further showed insight in his explanation of the power of the Catholic church when he discovered it in the fact that it never talks to the poor or of the poor as such. The "city mission" and the uptown church have much to account for in this division of the mission of religion. Imbecility, scandal and inefficiency have come to both mission and church.

Spook-hunting is an innocent, maybe a profitable business for those who have time, leisure, talent and freedom from greater responsibilities to pursue it, but there is something terribly grewsome in the dispatches that tell us that the royal household at St. Petersburg is largely dominated by certain occult influences, that the Czarina is in frequent consultation with mediums and that the affairs of state and the management of armies often wait for guidance from these mysterious sources. Waiving the question of the possibility of spirit communication, admitting for argument's sake the validity of such communication, it still remains a most palpable fact that the realm of human knowledge has not been materially widened by such revelations and that the lives of those who have been recipients of communications from the other realm have not as a whole been more wisely administered than those who depended on sources more palpable, terrestrial and human. The affairs of nations are too serious to be entrusted to the incoherent movement of disembodied and consequently irresponsible spirits, wherever they are or whatever they may be.

The following extract from a private letter from a venerable reader of UNITY, one whose wisdom occasionally reaches our columns, contains so much that is suggestive that we make editorial room for it. The writer says:

I was a manual laborer until thirty-eight years of age; seventeen years a mechanic; my sympathies are naturally with the laboring man. I have no objections to labor unions as such but I strongly disapprove of many of their methods. I am opposed to boycotts, the sympathetic strike, all violence, and the enforced "closed shop." I am for a "square deal" all around and respect for the law. I disapprove of so much coddling of the working man, so much that looks like *pity* for him because he has to work for a living, as is heard on every hand. Instead of pitying him I would congratulate him. Manual labor is a blessing; it builds up muscle, conduces to a good appetite, good digestion, good sleep, good spirits, good health ,and should and often does conduce to good morals. The pity is that all men are not accustomed to a few hours of manual labor every day and are obliged to resort to artificial exercise in order to keep in good health. Moreover, there is a dignity and a nobility about honest labor that is too little recognized. It is as honorable as any other occupation; more honorable than holding a seat in the United States Senate as now constituted and conducted. I have more respect for the humblest laboring man in the land than I have for some of those senators, provided the working man is honest, proud to do his work well, and willing to accord justice and fair dealing to all fellow workmen and to his employers, keeping his mind free from class hatred and malice. This last is, however, most too much to expect of him in the midst of so much teaching of class hatred as is coming from ambitious agitators and well meaning philanthropists. I consider this as harmful to the laboring man as reckless, indiscriminate giving is to the poor. The latter pauperizes the poor; the former brutalizes the working man.

Not Tainted Money, But a Tainted Conscience.

There is nothing more alarming in current life today than the self-confessed agnosticism of the preachers, according to their own confessions, concerning the ethical bearings and present moral status of the Standard Oil Company and the men and problems connected therewith. The minister who in private or in public confesses his ignorance of the data upon which a judgment could be formed stands self-convicted as incompetent to occupy the position of an ethical leader and an instructor in morals of the community. This does not mean that he should condemn; it may be possible for him to approve of the methods of that company and to justify the wealth accumulated thereby, but he has no right to say that he has not looked into the matter. Henry D. Lloyd's book on "Wealth vs. Commonwealth" has been before the public too long and Miss Ida Tarbell's articles in *McClure's* have been too accessible, succinct, readable and clear to justify any minister's attempt to avoid the responsibility of conscience concerning these matters on the score that he does not know the facts, for in the main the "facts" offered by Mr. Lloyd, Miss Tarbell and others have never been challenged; they rest on official documents and other verifiable records.

The teacher of public morals again stands self-accused when he undertakes to settle so large, palpable, and far-reaching an ethical problem as that raised by the Rockefeller donation to the mission funds of the Congregationalist church by an epigram or a general principle, as if ethics was an exact science and could be solved by a formula as a problem in geometry is solved. He who assumes to be a teacher of morals and a leader of men should at least recognize that conscience is not a fixed organ whose boundaries are definite and static and whose center is ever the same. Conscience is a growing sensibility, an ever enlarging apprehension of righteousness that demands new interpretations of justice and adjustments of conscience day by day. There is a science of ethics but it is a growing science, the conclusions of which are subject to readjustments with every new relation and fresh complexity.

The teacher of morals should at least recognize the profound significance of John Fiske's dictum of evolution, viz., "A change in degree eventuates in a difference in kind." The *reductio ad absurdum,* never safe in logic, can easily be perverted into a dangerous error in the realm of morals.

It is not the validity of the dollar offered by John D. Rockefeller that is challenged, for in the last analysis every dollar represents somebody's honest sweat that alone makes it a dollar, but it is John D. Rockefeller, his commercial methods, his notorious relation

to a notorious means of accumulating wealth, which to the sensitive conscience of most moralists seems to be more allied to the law of the jungle than to the law of the gospel, that is challenged by the protesting ministers in this case. And their challenge is based on the fact that to accept the dollars in the face of the conspicuousness of the commercial scandal involved cannot help but argue for the agnosticism of those assumed leaders of morals or their determination not to pass judgment on the advertised method in order to obtain the obvious advantages of the result therefrom. A preacher has compared this hundred thousand to the widow's mite;—a false comparison, for the contribution is infinitely smaller than the widow's mite that represented her all. But this same preacher asks if the Master stopped to ask whether that mite was the price of the widow's honor. The parallel suggested is a painful one if carried to its ultimate conclusion. If the bearer of the mite was notorious in the town, falsely or otherwise, one cannot think of the Master as commending the offering unless he was prepared to defend the penitent, as indeed he had done at other times.

That system of morality that begins and ends with the individual is fast becoming immoral. The civic conscience as well as the civic consciousness is growing, and each individual, particularly each teacher of morals and all organizations devoted to spiritual culture, are each in their degree responsible for the moral standards in business, the ethical estimate of wealth, the spiritual torpidity that first winks at, then smiles at, and lastly approves of the selfishness that accumulates vast fortunes, which is promptly condemned in the less palpable greed of the poor man that interferes with the rights of his fellow workman or obstructs the way for a neighbor's cart. When John D. Rockefeller or any other wealthy man wishes to help along the cause of religion and education with the dollars over which they have acquired legal title, let us rejoice; but when public discussion, general intelligence, expert investigation, has so brought into prominence ethical scandals connected therewith that to accept the money implies either the stolidity or the ignorance of the recipient as well as of the donor, then to accept is to acknowledge that material forces are more imperative than spiritual; that a full purse is more desirable than a conscience void of offense. Ministers' consciences, like Caesar's wife, "should be above suspicion." No missionary cause can long languish from the results of over-sensitive conscience, but the wisest missionary work will be paralyzed and die in the mephitic atmosphere of the worldly who say, "It is none of my business." "How can I tell?" "Am I my brother's keeper?" "They all do it, and you're another."

"Difference in degree culminates in a difference in kind." This is a provoking phrase, filled with ambiguity to the impatient and to the unscientific, but it is a searching phrase, freighted with moral responsibility to the intelligent mind and the sensitive conscience. For the committee to accept this fund in the face of the challenge, not only of a few preachers but of widespread public opinion, is to make a decision in favor of the accused and that according to their own confession, before the evidence is all in. You cannot make a private settlement of a public issue.

Editorial Wanderings.

I have just returned from my "March escape" and it is a pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to my associates who for a whole month have kept me beyond the reach of the "devil's" (printer's) call, and to the other friends who have kept the wheels a-going at 3939 Langley Avenue, keeping pulpit, class and Sunday school well above the average, which twenty-two years must touch with monotony. It would be pleasant to dwell in a gossipy way upon the experiences of the month; it would at least amuse my parishioners were I to enter into the details that would tell of how their pastor, who in Chicago excuses himself from parish calls upon those who live within a block of the church, in Kansas and Texas went hundreds of miles for the sake of an hour's greeting and the exchange of fellowship involved therein.

Well out in western Kansas a horseback ride of twelve miles beyond the nearest railway station brought him into the cosy little one-story stone cottage on the ranch with the family who for twenty years and more have been in the spiritual fellowship of UNITY. Meantime the gray hairs have come to the sturdy rancher who spied the solitary horseman from afar and hastened to meet him away up the hill. The little home-maker within doors for years belonged to the shut-in legion that rejoiced in the cheerful fellowship and spiritual propaganda represented by the post-office mission of the early days of UNITY.

In Texas I found a parishioner of my youth, a co-worker with me in my Janesville days, who for many years has been crippled beyond all hope in hands and feet, unable to move or provide for herself, but still buoyant, hopeful, cheerful; through all her suffering rejoicing in the faith that believes in progress.

In another Texas town I found a parishioner, rich in culture, rejoicing in the refinements of polite and accomplished society, but a persistent and ever-present missionary for the cause of spiritual freedom and the religion of light.

Another long ride was rewarded by a visit to the home of friends of the old Wisconsin days, Racine parishioners of our comrade, Henry Simmons, still young in the seventies; the sister glad to confer over the project that is to install a guest chamber in the Lincoln Centre, that is to be a memorial room to the valiant first love that fell in the early days of the war at the head of an Illinois regiment—the gallant Colonel Davis.

At Dallas, Texas, I had a delightful evening with Rev. Marion F. Ham, who has just gone from Chattanooga to shepherd the hopeful new Unitarian movement at this place. At Austin I came into the atmos-

phere of the gentle and accomplished Wheelock who, though dead, still speaketh in the town as a refined and refining influence.

Russell, Kas.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Ft. Worth, Dallas, Jacksonville, Austin, Houston, Galveston, and Orange were the points touched in the Texas itinerary. At Oklahoma City there was a lecture under the auspices of the Federation of the ten women's clubs in the city, an address to the Epworth University, a young college that is under the auspices of a joint board of the Methodist church, north and south, founded by a pioneer Methodist family, one member of which belonged to the southern fraternity, the other to the northern fellowship, and a talk to the High School. At Houston there was another lecture under the auspices of the women's clubs. At Austin there was a little heart to heart talk with a bevy of thirty or more sweet university girls who clustered around Turkish fashion on the floor in the dormitory hall. At Orange it was again a woman's club that managed the lecture, of which "Sidney Lanier" was the subject.

But the important point in the Texas itinerary was Galveston, not only the restored, but the redeemed city, a part of the inspiring story of which is told in our sermon columns this week.

It was a beautiful function that I was called unwittingly to perform. It was to inaugurate the lecture end of the beautiful Rosenberg Free Library. There were four lectures given on Hugo, Tolstoy, Ibsen, and Lanier. Sunday evening there was a sermon in the Jewish temple to an audience of Jew and Gentile that filled the house.

At New Orleans there was delightful fellowship with Dr. Heller of the Jewish synagogue and the young pastor of the Unitarian church, the worthy son of Henry W. Foote, of King's Chapel, Boston, now of blessed memory.

At Birmingham, Ala., the itinerary came to a close. The four lectures grew to eight addresses. On Sunday the pastor of the Presbyterian Church insisted on my occupying his desk. The house was crowded and the Presbyterian elders announced a suspension of their evening service that the audience might again hear the man from Chicago in the Baptist Church.

Birmingham is getting to be a fixed point in the outlying parish of the senior editor of UNITY; so hearty is the appreciation, so joyful is the welcome, so tender is the leave-taking that they cannot be spoken of in these columns.

There is much more to say, but the "I" of the friendly letter is jostled out of the way by the exacting "we" of editorial limitations and necessity. I went to escape the Chicago March; I went for rest and found it in delightful work under less strenuous conditions and to most appreciative minds. Eighteen addresses in twenty-eight days and several thousand miles of travel. I am again on duty and everything is moving on as if Kansas, Texas, Louisiana and Alabama were just a part of the Chicago parish and all the friends, old and new, familiar members of the UNITY family.

J. LL. J.

Russia.

Doomed—but it is not in her strife's defeat
Out on far-off Manchurian battlefields,
Nor whether hard-pressed Kuropatkin yields
Or makes successful his death-lined retreat.
Not here will stayless Justice judgment mete;
Not here it is her keen-edged sword she wields;
Not here it is her conquering armies shields;
Not here is her high, noble judgment seat.

But in the very home of strength and power,
Where ages long men's triumph has been bright,
Where selfish pleasures had their richest dower,
Where Might was ruler of the realm of Right—
Where cruelty had never thought of cost—
'Tis there that Russia's cause indeed is lost.

—*Moses Strauss in the American Israelite.*

The Municipal Museum of Chicago.

The Municipal Museum belies the popular conception of its title in that it is not a depository of dead issues, a recorder of dead facts, or a preserver of dead material of any nature.

In reality the Museum purposes to touch live issues in a forceful, vitalizing fashion. The Museum is an incorporated body and a permanent institution. The exhibits will be constantly changing, the effort being to serve the "psychological moment" in the betterment of Chicago. The management plans to exhibit in graphic fashion the data which may aid somewhat in solving the question uppermost before the people at any given time.

The Museum opened February 24th with a loan exhibition made up largely of material shown at the St. Louis Exposition. But at St. Louis this material was scattered through more than a half dozen buildings, making it practically inaccessible for comparative study.

Its purpose is the promotion of intelligence concerning the administration of cities and the problems of urban life, through the assembling of data and illustrative material relating to the processes of civic development, the expert classification of the material and its presentation in a form calculated to meet the needs of both the student and the practical man of affairs.

Announcement of the "daily program" has led to increasing interest, and has made the exhibits of much greater educational value. Many clubs and classes have enjoyed personally conducted visits to the Museum. Below we give a sample of the Municipal Museum program for one day—Thursday, March 16:

13:30 Interpretative tour of exhibits.
10:45 Administration and Graphic Statistics.
11:00 Street Cleaning and Garbage Disposal, F. L. Stearns.
11:30 Housing, Sanitation and Public Service Exhibits, C. B. Ball.
12:00 Parks, Playgrounds and Baths.
12:30 Civic Lessons from the St. Louis Fair, Mrs. Hamlin, with beautifully colored slides.
2:00 Tour of the exhibits.
2:15 Administration and Graphic Statistics.
2:30 Street Cleaning and Garbage Disposal.
3:00 City Plans and Public Art.
3:30 Housing, Sanitation and Public Service exhibits.
4:00 Civic Lessons from the St. Louis Fair, richly illustrated.
4:30 Street Cleaning, etc.
Housing, etc.
Parks, etc.
City Plans, etc.
5:00 Civic Improvement illustrated. Disfigurement and Untidiness of Cities, E. G. Routzahn.

THE PULPIT.

A Sermon from the South.

FROM AN ANTE-ELECTION SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, APRIL 2, 1905.

Of many things that pleased, inspired and brought to me sermon suggestions while away in the Southland, I may not speak this morning. I did not forget the civic strains, public anxieties, national, state and city humiliations that confront us all the more painfully in the presence of the rising barometer of general intelligence, the multiplication of comforts and the increase of luxuries everywhere manifested.

The lesson from the South that is most imperative in my mind this morning I bring from Galveston, the city which five years ago was visited with one of the greatest calamities known to modern times. I need not recount the harrowing tale, but to hear it at first hand from those who were in it and of it, to see vast areas of neglected commons where once stood the homes of happy workmen and prosperous people, to touch the hands and to look into the eyes of those who, on the first day, tried to bury their dead, on the second day sought for them the more speedy burial in the waters of the bay, but on the succeeding days sought the more sanitary and expeditious instrumentality of fire, the debris of the broken houses serving as convenient material for the funeral pyres of hundreds of unknown and unsought (for many families perished together) is to come into a realization of it quite impossible otherwise. "We counted up to 7,557 and then we ceased to count, but there were more human lives lost," said one of the most efficient committeemen. Those lives made insignificant the material loss of two millions of property, and entire blocks of city structures, private and public buildings in the awful calamity.

But at the end of four and one-half years I found a city rejoicing in its prosperity, happy in its prospects, protected as no other city on the Gulf is, with a great sea wall rising seventeen feet above mean tide and three miles long; a city that is now reconstructing its entire grade, raising the whole city from five to seventeen feet in order to secure ideal drainage and the added security from storms and disease. This tangible triumph is one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of the world, but this is not the surprise from which I would draw my sermon from the South, for the world is no longer to be surprised by engineering triumphs. Enough has been achieved to prove that any feat that is worth doing can be accomplished in these directions. The sublime lesson of Galveston is quite of another sort.

That wandering hurricane from the tropic seas found Galveston on the 8th day of September, 1900, a distracted, debt-burdened, demoralized if not discouraged municipality. Graft and grafters, ward heelers and party bosses were the despair of the town. Its politics was more foul than its sewage; public spirit was flatter than the sea level upon which the city was built. The story of the white man on Galveston Island begins early in the last century with the story of the noted La Fitte, the Gulf pirate. He and his marauders on sea and land held forth for many years. The subsequent history of the city is often stained with violence and burdened with greed.

But the mighty flood came. It is fair to suppose that a good proportion of the bosses, the grafters and the ward heelers were drowned. Others were scared away; for all such are necessarily cowards, made such by their trade. So the poor battered and tattered wreck of a city was left in the hands of the noble,—those who represent the real public spirit. To such men at such times the moral sense grows clear and the nobility of human nature asserts itself.

Thus it was that the calamity of man proved the opportunity of God; the disaster of the day turned out to be the inspiration of the age; vision was gained and leadership accorded to the best citizens, which in Galveston and everywhere else outnumber, on any fair count, the base. The city rehabilitated itself psychically before it faced its physical problems. It asked of the state a new charter. Under such conditions to ask was to receive. The governor was asked to appoint five commissioners to administer the affairs of the city, the chairman of which would act as mayor. Even in that strain, the wise ones did not dare run the risk of a popular election lest old methods would obtain and the old sins and sinners reassert themselves. The five men were chosen with regard to their fitness alone. They were men who had demonstrated their ability to manage their own affairs wisely and were above reproach in their past history or suspicion in their future conduct of public affairs. These men applied themselves to the task, and there rallied around them the forces that were stronger than the tornado. The million and a half dollars of bonds necessary to build the sea wall were largely taken by the citizens. The million and a half more necessary to raise the grade of the city was as easily and promptly provided for. The city has regained its credit; it finds no difficulty to financier its real needs. It is a city already proud of its school, library, street and other civic interests. And this spring for the third time these same five commissioners will be elected without opposition. The selfishness of the office-seeker, the cupidity of the politician not daring to insult the high triumphs and the civic pride connected therewith by even suggesting a return to the low standards and coarse methods that were swept away by the benignant hurricane. In Galveston the old Bible text finds a magnificent civic justification—"It is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting, for the living may lay it to heart."

"How long do you hope to continue on this upward slide?" I asked of one of the modest men who had been a part of this renovation.

"Just so long as we can keep down the politicians, keep out partisan manipulators and continue to administer our city affairs with the discretion, the wisdom and the single mindedness that characterize the management of any successful business," was the prompt answer.

I bring to you this story of Galveston's renovation and transfiguration as my contribution to the municipal life of Chicago, which is just now passing through its biennial demoralization, its periodic insanity, that confuses the judgment and dethrones discrimination and justice.

Although I have been away for a month I have been within reach of our papers and have kept in touch with the agitations in Chicago. The lurid rhetoric, the boisterous crowds, the passionate appeals, the spellbinding eloquence that for the time being at least converts the orators to their own heroism, and the bumptious bill-board displays would be moving, persuading, encouraging did they not so forcibly remind one of similar exaltations followed by the inevitable blunting of the civic conscience and blinding of the moral sense. Looking back over the twenty-five years of my Chicago life, these excitements carry to me but little eth-

ical encouragement; they do not stand for spiritual exaltation.

The fell thing in all this is not the earnest discussion of hot questions, not the candid disagreement or valiant advocacy of opposing policies. All this is wholesome; it is educative,—but it is the ever-present intrusion of foreign and arbitrary and crippling antagonism of political parties injected into live issues by the baser and cheaper elements in both parties. We are passing through another contest that has generated much heat without facing honestly and squarely any great question of morals or of administration. The one question that has been foremost and will be foremost in Chicago public life until the people of Chicago have had the chance of trying to administer their own streets to their own interest is not now presented as a fair issue. The two candidates are strenuously contending for the same end; they acknowledge the justice of the same claim; they differ only in the question of how to arrive there, which question can be settled only by experts and by time. It is not a question for the stump or primarily for the ballot box. It takes two to make a bargain and the other party has not been heard from; it is not presenting its case at the ballot box.

There are many people in Chicago who for public as well as private interests do not believe in municipal ownership. But they have no candidate. They must select the man over whom they may be able to exert the most conservative influence or not vote at all. The contending candidates are like two men overboard—each trying to shove the other off the plank on which he hopes to save his own life. On this one issue I am willing to risk my own convictions and hopes in the hands of either candidate, with the co-operation of the council and the referendum tests, which are approved by both. But notwithstanding this hopeful outlook once more we find ourselves on the eve of election stiffening the party prejudices, clamoring for party triumph, pandering to the superstition that somehow national parties have rights to city offices and must battle for the perquisites that belong thereto else their national efficiency is gone and the country is lost. Looking back over the twenty-five years of my citizenship, I venture to say that the *dis*honors of the two parties are easy. If one party has furnished a larger number of the cheap and coarse instruments of corruption, the other party has furnished the more brains to manage them and the more money to corrupt them. And the experience of Chicago is verified by the experience of all great cities. Republican Philadelphia and democratic New York have each sunk into despairing depths of political corruption. Salvation will never come to Chicago or to any other city save by breaking the fell power of that partisanship the lines of which today run not parallel with any great issue in the nation or in the city. Partisanship today has been well described as "an organized appetite." The chief interest at stake is the patronage involved. There are, as I see it, but three great issues in Chicago today that can and ought to be matters of municipal suffrage just now.

The question of municipal ownership of public utilities, as soon as they can be rightfully obtained, is already settled at the ballot over and over again. The remaining two questions are, How to eliminate from civic administrations the persistent, professional politician, and, how to control and as rapidly as possible suppress the corrupting instruments of city life, the foremost of which is the saloon and its attendant functions—the dance hall, the gambling house and the brothel. When the first of these is accomplished we will be well along the way towards the solution of the other problem.

The persistent office-seeker has long since been a nuisance; he must soon be branded by public sentiment as an intruder, an enemy of the public, a parasite, a foe of republicanism. Not only ill-gotten but ill-spent wealth is already becoming disreputable. A man has to apologize for the money, however made, that is not earnestly administered for public good as well as private profit. And the time is coming when office-seeking will also be regarded as a disgrace second only to the disgrace that waits upon him who refuses to assume his share of the burden of civic administration. The man who, on the eve of a great municipal election, like the one which now confronts us, obtrudes a party plea for democratic or republican as such, stands self-convicted of moral turpitude or intellectual confusion. Such a man proves himself to be so far a demagogue to be distrusted or an ignoramus to be educated in the science of government whether he be a policeman or a governor.

If the two leading candidates are rightly reported as saying that they would not attempt, if elected, to enforce existing ordinances concerning Sunday closing and other saloon regulations on the score that the people do not want it, they are caught either "talking politics" with the understanding that they are not to be taken too seriously, or they are found aspiring to an office of which they are not worthy. It is a mayor's duty to enforce, so far as lies in his power, every ordinance until it is repealed. And as for public opinion in Chicago, who can doubt that it is overwhelmingly in favor of enforcing such? All the rum power in the state is exerting itself these days at Springfield to kill the bill that would submit these questions to the vote of the people. The growing intelligence of America points to the time when the American saloon must go,—that filthy, coarse, profane place where no self-respecting man allows himself to be seen, where no decent woman enters, and where children must not go is doomed. And all this is quite independent of the question of the use of alcoholic beverages. There are other ways already found out and practiced by a multitude who use stimulants. That these horrid places, objectionable always, are more objectionable on Sundays and other holidays when their power for mischief is greatly multiplied, goes without the saying; and that they can be suppressed to a degree without interfering with the personal liberty of anybody is amply proven to my mind by my personal observations in South Carolina, where the dispensary law obtains, in Kansas, and other prohibitory states.

The arguments against them are not Sabbatarian but economic and humanitarian. We may not by law interfere with a man drinking beer or whisky on Sunday any more than with his drinking tea or coffee, but we may and we can insist that he lay in his supply of this kind as he does his groceries on Saturday or do without it. This is not harking back to the days of Puritanism, but it is looking forward to the day when the better elements of society will be in power; when crime and criminals will have less to do in dictating the man and methods at the polls, than virtue and the virtuous.

I well understand that the candidates were shying the question in the interviews reported. We must not take them too seriously; perhaps it was unfair to force them; they were afraid of the beer and whisky power, which is now more a power of the purse than a power of the appetite. But the time will come when they will know that they have the temperate, the church people,

if you please, to reckon with. I rejoice in the recent action of certain ministers of Chicago; if I had been here I would probably have been found in their midst.

I know all this talk is irritating, worse than useless, you may think, just now when other issues are at stake. But when am I to speak of these things?

This pulpit has for twenty years entered its post-election and ante-election protest against the domination of party in realms where party issues do not enter and whether the word be spoken before or after, it has seemed to be untimely and of no avail.

But I persist in believing that sectarianism in religion and partisanship in politics are today the most subtle, persistent, obstinate foes of civic progress, and that it becomes the well wisher of the state to be insistent in season and out of season in working for the abolishing of the one as the other, to the end that the right-minded people and the true-heatred people may stand together in the interest of the things that are true and noble. And when they do, no power of passion, greed or selfish ambition can withstand them.

But let me return to Galveston for a more cheerful and hopeful note in closing . I have spoken of the ante-storm Galveston as the home of La Fitte, the rendezvous of pirates, but there is another story; there was another element in the old Galveston working for the redemption of misruled Galveston. As far back as 1884 a prosperous merchant of Galveston approached his lawyer, who perhaps deserves most credit for all that followed—a brave, wise counselor of men of affairs. The client said: "I want to make my will; I have thought I could make no better use of some of my money than to give this town a worthy high school building, which it has not," as so few of the southern towns in 1884 had. The lawyer thought for a while and said, "I will make your will, but I would much rather, with your consent, help you invest your sixty thousand now. Why not begin the high school building while you are alive?" There came promptly the excuses and the hesitations which concern busy men. The lawyer overruled his objections, and the noblest high school building in Texas was reared. A business associate four years later, catching the spirit, gave another sixty thousand dollars for a ward school building to the more needy section of Galveston. Another business man gave a hundred thousand dollars to build a hospital and then came the shower of benefactions which have given to Galveston the name of the City of Philanthropists. Ball was from New England, Sealey was from Pennsylvania, Rosenberg was from Switzerland. Through this last man's wisdom Galveston now is radiant. Its fourteen drinking fountains were built at a cost of thirty thousand dollars by this philanthropist on condition that the city within five years would furnish itself with good drinking water. Now horse, man, dog is provided, as Chicago is not, with that indispensable adjunct of life. In addition to these fountains there is a home for old ladies, an orphan asylum, a young men's Christian association, a mission church, a noble monument to the heroes who saved Texas in 1836, and a great magnificent public library with a lecture hall attachment and a maintenance fund of about four hundred thousand dollars, all representing the outcome of one man who, in modern phrase, was a poor man. He had, perhaps, a million and a quarter. He gave the whole million to these many handed benefactions of the city, and the one-quarter million was all that his family could well take care of and more than they could ever need. All this in the line of the original suggestion of one wise lawyer who managed to think a little further on the lines of helpfulness than his client could. The contagious example of Ball from New England quickened and enlarged the life all around.

My own visit to Galveston was a delightful one because it was entrusted to me to inaugurate and dedicate that public hall in Rosenberg Library by the first of a series of lectures on scientific, literary and other subjects that will make for the betterment of Galveston. I gave a course of four lectures and was asked to speak the dedicatory words of this mighty and far-reaching potency.

And so my sermon from the South should end, as my preaching must ever end, in an appeal after all to the private conscience, to the individual will, which is the indispensable factor in that civic structure which represents the well being of city and state.

May God grant us power and vision, patience and diligence to discharging our obligations as citizens of this great and needy Chicago, after the brilliant examples which these men on the margin down there in Texas have given us.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Religious Statistics.

The following letter from one of the careful students of religion in Harvard University will explain itself. It is in answer to a question propounded by a class led by the Editor of UNITY, but it will interest many others:

The delay in answering is due to pressure of work. From the best statistics I can find, I reckon the adherents of the various religions as follows:

Christianity		433,000,000
Islam		193,000,000
Buddhist—		
Outside of China	70,000,000	
In China	300,000,000	370,000,000
Shintoism		45,000,000
Hinduism, about		270,000,000
Mazdean or Zoroastrianism		1,000,000
Babism, perhaps		1,000,000

The difficulty in regard to Confucianism and Buddhism lies in the fact that these are professed along with other faiths. Thus: In China the mass of the people follow the national religion (ancestor worship and a vague polytheism), but also accept Buddhism; the educated are Confucianists but also recognize the State religion.

In Japan the people are Shintoists and Buddhists; the educated are Confucianists. Thus these systems overlap one another.

It is difficult to estimate the number of adherents of savage faiths, but all not above enumerated fall under that head, probably 100,000,000 to 150,000,000; if Chinese polytheism be included, the number will be between 400,000,000 and 500,000,000.

Of the number here assigned to Christianity a small proportion, in North America and South America, are savages with polytheistic or demonistic beliefs.

I do not know that this statement is quite satisfactory, but it is as definite as I can make. Sincerely yours,

C. H. TOY.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., March 3, 1905.

North and South.

Mr. Powell says in a recent number: "Stubborn and bungling as the South was through the era of slavery and reconstruction, it stands fair now to go ahead of the North in every department of industry, and even in its educational adjustments."

The U. S. Corps of Cadets at West Point is as representative of the United States as is Congress. Each Congressional District is entitled to have there a cadet all the time. In the 20 years immediately before the war, no cadet appointed by a Southern Congressman graduated at the head of his class. The men at the head of the various classes there, and so far in the 20th century, have all been appointed from or born in the South:

Head of Class 1902, born in Georgia and appointed from Georgia.

Head of Class 1904, born in Mississippi and appointed from Mississippi.

Head of Class 1905, born in Georgia and appointed from Georgia.

Head of class 1907, born in Missouri and appointed from Missouri.

The leader of the Class of 1901 was appointed from Oregon, but was born in Missouri.

The leader of the Class of 1903 was appointed from Wisconsin, but was born in Arkansas.

The leader of the class of 1906 was appointed from Connecticut, but was born in Missouri.

My authority for the above is the Official Army Register. The ten leading men in the last class to graduate, class of 1904, were appointed from the following states, Mississippi, Virginia, California, Tennessee, North Carolina, Mississippi, South Carolina, Maryland, at large, and Indiana, and the man who was appointed from Colorado was born in Missouri.

C. L. HAMMOND.

For Divine Strength.

Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now Father—now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong—we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

That Sunday Spin.

And so, my boy, you were too tired, after a week of hard work, to go to the church Sunday morning, and mounted your wheel and went on a "century run" for a rest? And got home at 7 p. m. so dead tired that you couldn't go to church in the evening? And defending your way of spending the day, you quote the words of your Saviour: "The Sabbath was made for man."

So it was, my son; so it was. So was the buzz saw. And not two years ago I saw a man with every one of his fingers and a part of his thumb gone from his right hand, just because he made wrong use of a good buzz saw. The buzz saw was in its place, doing good work for the man, to which end it was made. It was fulfilling its destiny. It was doing the thing to which it was appointed. It didn't move out of its place a hair's breadth to do the man harm. It just kept on "sawing wood," and the man couldn't—or rather didn't—wait until the buzz saw was through its work. He transgressed it (trangressus—trans, across—gradi, step—to step across); he reached over it when he should have gone around it. And when he drew back his hand, which he did immediately, he didn't have the thing he reached for, and he didn't have the fingers he reached with. He had not only not gained something, but he had lost something. And, more than that, he had lost something that he will never get back again in this world.

Ah, my boy, I don't want to shut you up in a dingy boarding-house, a hot room, the dusty city and the smelly, dirty streets all the time. But when you go into God's country for God's fresh air and rest of body and peace of mind, don't run over God's Sunday to get these things. He has them for you; no one else can give them to you. But you don't want to trample on some of His greatest blessings to get the lighter ones. I have no more objection to your riding to church than you have to my walking on Sunday. If Rev. Malachi Ezarman, A. M., D. D., LL. D., drives to church in his carriage or uses the street cars, there is no reason why you shouldn't spin decorously up to the church on your wheel. There is no reason why you shouldn't, anyhow, no matter what the doctor does. If he wants to walk to church, let him. If I could ride as well as you do, I shouldn't walk unless I preferred it, which I certainly do. But you don't ride to church. You passed the doors of three or four nice country churches on your spin, and never so much as paused at one of them. You didn't go out for the fresh air and rest and peace of mind. You went out because you were too lazy to go to church, or too selfish, or too mean, or just because you didn't want to. And the meanest thing in the whole business is that after running away from church, after denying God the reverence and love and worship on His own day which is His due, after riding over the Bible, you try to sneak a passage out of it to justify your treachery. Ah, my boy, not half a dozen verses away from the one you quoted you will find what use the Lord of the Sabbath made of it for man. Do you see the day for man as He did, and you may write that text across your heart, and have it graven on the handle bars of your wheel, and ride a thousand miles every Sunday, if you can, and God and man will bless you for it. But don't go racing and chasing over the whole country side all Sunday, having a jolly good time all by yourself and all for yourself, and then come back quoting Scripture to prove that you were on a missionary tour all the time. There was a fellow long before your day, in the fourth chapter of Matthew, who had Scripture right at his tongue's end, and who quoted from the ninety-first psalm far more glibly than you can; and yet he didn't prove his point, and he knew all the time that his application of the texts was utterly wrong.

"The Sabbath was made for man!" Indeed it was; and so was Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. And it does seem to me that as God made all of them, He ought to have a goodly portion of at least one of them. "The Sabbath was made for man!" So was corn, but not to make into whisky. So was the sea, but not for piracy. The Sabbath and corn and the sea were made for man, not for the devil. Remember that, my boy.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent has done a valuable service not alone for scientists, but for all those who are interested in outdoor life, by the publication of his "Manual of Trees" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Up to the present time the author has appealed only to those who have made a special study of trees and shrubs; his monumental work, "The Silva of North America," being the greatest work on the subject ever published. But in this manual, he has set forth the general facts pertaining to the study of trees, their descriptions and uses, in a way which will appeal to the general public.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Centennial Tribute to Dr. Martineau.

A small volume entitled "James Martineau and his Greatest Book: A Centennial Tribute," by Rev. J. T. Sunderland and Mrs. Sunderland, of Toronto, Canada, will be ready for the public in time for the Martineau Centenary on April 21st. It consists of two parts. The first is a brief sketch of Dr. Martineau's life and work, by Mr. Sunderland. The second part (three-fourths of the whole) is a careful and extended analysis and epitome of Dr. Martineau's "Study of Religion," by Mrs. Sunderland. The volume is timely. Now when the centenary of his birth is calling public attention anew to Dr. Martineau, there ought to be many to welcome such a brief introduction as this to his life and thought. Mrs. Sunderland, who is a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Michigan, has given much attention to philosophical studies. Probably few persons in America or England have made so careful a study as she of Dr. Martineau's philosophical and theological writings; hence her fitness to reproduce in an abridged and somewhat popularized form the very important line of thought presented by Dr. Martineau in his great work on philosophic theism. The book (130 pages) may be obtained at the Unitarian Rooms, 25 Beacon street, Boston, or at the Western Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, I have Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs, by Gardner W. Allen. This is an excellently well written history of the first chapter of our naval development. The development of our navy and the whipping of the Barbary Corsairs was done directly under the stimulus of Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson declared that he was unwilling to have the young republic acquiesce in the humiliation of paying tribute to pirates. I am interested in noting that he says in a letter to Monroe, dated Aug. 11, 1786, that "A naval force can never endanger our liberties, nor occasion bloodshed; a land force would do both." The story is exceedingly well told, and it is a proud chapter in American history.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons comes the next volume in the Crown Theological library; being Prof. Pfleiderer's essay on The Early Christian Conception of Christ. This is one of the most sterling books in the library. It is short and easily mastered. I hope there is quite a list of UNITY readers keeping up with this fine development of modern thought and criticism.

I think I have myself another book on the market, but have not yet seen it. It discusses Orchards and Fruit Gardens, and is published by McClure, Phillips & Co. E. P. P.

"I have no politics, and no party, and no particular hope; only this is true, that beauty is very beautiful, and softens, and comforts, and inspires, and rouses, and lifts up, and never fails." Lady Burne-Jones quotes this saying of her distinguished husband in one of the passages in the recently published "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," which help to picture the man. The two volumes forming this intimate biography are illustrated with photogravures showing Burne-Jones's friends and also some of his paintings. They show Burne-Jones a very human and lovable man, the streak of melancholy in whose nature was more than compensated by his abounding love of fun.

Higher Living XLVII.

The sweet affluence of love and song,
The rich results of the divine consents
Of man and earth, of world beloved and lover,
The nectar and ambrosia, are withheld;
And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we thieves
And pirates of the universe, shut out
Daily to a more thin and outward rind,
Turn pale and starve. —*Emerson.*

I wish men and women, every soul of them, would try to make the most of themselves, and see what would come of *that.*
C. D. Warner.

The very essence of culture is shaking off the nightmare of self-consciousness and self-absorption and attaining a sort of Christian Nirvana—lost in the great whole of humanity.
E. R. Sill.

The effervescence of youth and passion, and the fresh gloss of the intellect and imagination, endow them with a false brilliancy, which makes fools of themselves and other people. Like certain chintzes, calicoes and ginghams, they show finely in their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day.
Hawthorne.

You cannot buy the wares of knowledge and carry them away in another vessel; when you have paid for them you must receive them into the soul and go your way, either greatly harmed or greatly benefited. *Socrates.*

The hardest of all the battles fought, and yet to be fought, is that for personal freedom of body, mind, and soul. To final conquest in this warfare are pledged all the forces of nature, inspired and suffused by Divinity. Yet, notwithstanding all that the nineteenth or twentieth century means; all that Puritanism means; all that liberal theology means; all that emancipation of slave and woman and child means; all that bold claiming for universal human nature and its inherent, inalienable rights means—how much progress, comparatively speaking, has yet to be made? It is still as common to find the present generation devoted to what Bacon denominated *Idola,* "false divinities," as it was in his own time, three hundred years ago. True, we have escaped many that were then most tyrannical imposters upon the freedom of man. But we have our own tyrants, nevertheless, those before whom we bend in sycophantic worship, and before whose judgments, anticipated or actual, we quake, unto our very heart.

Some of these tyrannical Idola we find strongly enthroned in our modern homes; and their demands serve to annoy and hinder and exhaust, often beyond endurance. Especially is this seen in respect of women; but children and men are not far behind in suffering from the burdens which are thus as ruthlessly as they are unreasonably imposed. The fact is, the modern home, laud it as we may, guard it as it deserves, and hope all things for it as we should, is latterly fast coming to be a place where little of rest nor peace, scarcely any inspiration or contentment, and all but no security, are to be found. Instead of being subject to our will, it has succeeded in becoming a veritable tyrant, with satraps as harsh as they are determined upon mercilessly enforcing their behests. No wonder that the modern Home-spirit is restless; no wonder that the home inmates are becoming more and more nomadic; little wonder, indeed, if so many are found degenerating into an almost barbaric lack of home interest. Certainly, a not very far away as well as radical emancipation is here needed.

Under the inspiration of him so recently on our shores, Charles Wagner, we are now hearing much concerning what he was pleased to call "The Simple Life," and the bearing of this upon the problem of greater personal freedom. But just what is meant by this phrase is difficult to determine. In some people's minds it seems to mean relief from all personal home-making and home-keeping whatever, to be succeeded

with the substitution of some sort of community life in its stead. For others, The Simple Life promises less outside pleasure, less service, or less care. To woman as such it often means easier dress, fewer children, or the leaving of the care of children to others; or entertainment by caterers; or but dozens on the calling list where now there are hundreds. Some men are reminded by the phrase that their houses seem principally to be bric-a-brac display rooms, and to be lived in chiefly by those for whom they plan and labor strenuously to keep "in style," with nothing very satisfactory by way of compensation; or, that their table is simply a hubbub of senseless "courses," which are quite as apt to nauseate as suitably to nourish; or, that their own selfhood seems to be valued chiefly for being the necessary and permanently co-ordinating center of the whole establishment. According to other minds, less show and fuss, more even stability of constitution, and better general running gear, will amply serve to simplify matters, and to a sufficiently practical degree. For all, the "servant question," and the complex matters implied by this, constitute Idolas, under whose sway it is certainly not very easy or very satisfactory permanently to remain.

Hence, here is evidently a field in which, from the very intensity with which its problems are regarded, there already is danger to be apprehended, in that, although to get away from trouble, or to avoid disagreeable outcomes, or reasonably to be at ease even in Zion, is laudable enough, generally speaking, all these are quite apt to fail most discouragingly, especially just when the imagined rest is most expected or needed; and that even The Simpler Life, it may be suspected, will thus prove to be quite unsatisfactory to very many, trust it as they may. In fact, let the house and its furnishing, society and its demands, duty and privilege, and all the rest, be conscientiously reduced to barrenness; not necessarily will The Simple Life thus supposed to be secured be the bonum so eagerly desired. The fact is, the true life does not necessarily flourish at its best in a bare or barren life at all. Nor does it in a mere paucity of environment in any sense. The rather, practical life ought to compass the advantage of the most varied and luxurious environment that can be secured, and at the same time be made to conduce to human development. This is what human nature needs, this is what emancipation really means, this is what Christianity actually is—life, luxurious life, both within the home and elsewhere. For the best of life depends not more upon inner purpose and energizing than upon outer inducements and means. In fact it depends upon both; and also upon the allied fact that human nature principally grows according to newly discovered wants or needs, and the varied endeavor which is required to satisfy these. Hence, the bare and barren life, attractive as theoretically it may seem, is practically too negative, has too little inspiration and opportunity, is too little compelled to exert itself to stand rigidly for a model, or to prove very satisfactory in the end. Not haven after storm is the motif here. But power to harness the storm, to enjoy its features, and likewise to sail on, even in its very raging midst.

And this is what is needed today. The tyrants are still over us; and even if we could depose them, being what we are and not readily changed, we would immediately enthrone others, and the same or perhaps worse slavery would follow. Seemingly, we cannot escape the tyranny of time and tide, persons and events, customs and duties. Yet, Epictetus, though a slave, lived as happily as he was wise. Seneca could moralize for all time and for life, even though he was supremely busied with affairs at court. And so, too, could Spinoza stay himself by friendly relations with the spider who spun upon his cell walls, even with companionable seemliness. And so Madame Roland, even with the guillotine in sight, could with "two hairpins and a napkin" so convert her barren cell into a place for her work and flowers that her jailor called it "The Pavilion of Flora"; and, also, could in it write her own Memoirs, and cheer her comrades immortally. Abraham Lincoln, in the midst of most horrid war, could tell his stories and play with his children, and be so simple that all the world marveled. And so, Mrs. President Grant could sit with her husband by the evening fire, call him, as of old, by his first name, and knit the simplest stitches, while all the nation roared and throbbed with mightiest political and social and theological turmoil. And, likewise, every one knows somebody else, who, in the midst of a whirl of household and social and religious and business affairs, carries herself or himself with the sweet dignity and command which becalms all who are near. Surely, these masterful yet truly "simple" folk need not to have their surroundings simplified in order to depose offending Idola, or to lead The Simple Life successfully.

In this, really, is the lesson for us all. Not shrinking from household Idola; not complaining of their exactions and impositions; not stripping off environment; not withholding from fields of usefulness. But, rather, facing every taskmaster so fearlessly, and at the same time so critically that rather than seeking escape there shall come enjoyment, even of every one of the momentous complications and responsibilities of modern civilization, and this with cheek a-tingling, heart strong-bounding, and hand in attitude of command; and all, by religiously taking up the walk and work to which we are adapted, keeping within its wholesome limits, and ever substituting real and useful and pleasant possessions for the opposite. Useless, inartistic cluttering of homes with so-called bric-a-brac, and all the burdensome care and rush which this imposes, contributes little if anything to life, either simple or otherwise. In many cases it conduces early to death, and certainly conduces to misery from beginning to end. Higher Living demands that more attention be given, not so exclusively to lopping off rubbish already gathered, as to the art of primarily selecting such an environment—such companions, house, treasures, church, society—as will be permanently inspiring, wholesome, and constructive, rather than the reverse. In detail, this will always require seeking for worth, for beauty, for adaptability, for permanency, rather than for the passing show. In seeking and realizing these, The Simple Life will become fully enough manifest, even in the midst of all the real luxury which the modern world can provide. Upon the life which has a single motive all things, no matter how royal, reflect a sustaining light. But here, as elsewhere, it is as hard as it is destructive to attempt to serve two masters. Better serve with singleness the Love whose prime mission it is to make free; for then all else is emancipated along with yourself. Even the Light of Life is not withheld. As Emerson says:

> "Because I was content with these poor fields,
> Low, open meads, slender and sluggist streams,
> And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
> The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
> And granted me a freedom of their state.
> And in their secret senate have prevailed
> With the dear, dangerous lords that rule our life."

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The difficulty is not in escaping death, but much rather in escaping evil, for this runs faster than death.

MON.—We are not to value all the opinions of men, but only some of them; and not those of all men either, but those of some only.

TUES.—It can never be right to commit injustice or to retaliate or to defend ourselves by rendering evil for evil.

WED.—They who truly love knowledge are temperate and brave.

THURS.—Do you not see how dangerous it is for a person to speak of, or undertake, what he does not understand?

FRI.—To want nothing is Divine; to want as little as possible is the nearest possible approach to the Divine life.

SAT.—I have shunned evil all my life;—that, I think, is the most honorable way in which a man can bestow attention upon his own defense. —*Socrates.*

The Chinaman praiseth his T's
The mandarin praiseth his Q,
The gardener praiseth his turnips and P's
But I praise U.

The mariner loveth the C's
The billiardist loveth his Q,
The husbandman loveth his cattle B's
But I love U.

The foolish have need of the Y's
The actor needeth his Q,
The pilot has need of two excellent I's
But I need U.

The hunter seeketh the J's
The shepherd seeketh his U,
The college boys seek their final B. A's.
But I seek U.

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Theater for Children.

It is trite nowadays to say that children are instinctively dramatic, and that to encourage them in dramatizing their stories and their history lessons is to greatly increase their appreciation of life. We all acquiesce in this and many of us think we are helping this dramatic instinct by taking our children often to the theater. We might be indeed if the theater were what it might be, but there is nothing that feeds the simple genuine child nature in the spectacular shows of the present day. The other day I saw a pretty little girl of eight years imitating with a closeness that made me shudder, the coarse and artificial dance, gesture and song of a soubrette, and the pity of it came to me that children should ever be allowed to have such unlovely things in their minds.

In the last ten years there has been a renaissance in books for children. The best of the world's tales have been published for them in many editions, and the dictum has gone forth to writers of stories and nature books and histories: "Don't write *down* to children." Consequently the books in the shelves marked "Juvenile" in the book stores are of a high grade, and the majority of them are the classic tales of the world, retold, re-edited or simply moved to this corner in their original form, since it has been discovered that the best in literature is none too good for boys and girls. But now as to the drama—what is there on the stage today that is of value to them? If the circus were more simple and not so harrowing and spectacular and sensational it would vindicate its position, which it no longer holds rightfully, as a children's entertainment.

It is a great thing for any one to see Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle, and Stephen Phillips' Ulysses was a joy to any one of any age who has delighted in the tales of the Odyssey. Why are there not more of the good old tales of literature and history simply, truthfully acted without the addition of utterly incongruous features and sumptuous scenic effects that only detract from the beauty and force of the lines?

Mr. Ben Greet said last week at the Woman's Club: "Take a child to the ordinary spectacular play and he comes home and *babbles* about it—just babbles, and bores every one with it. Take him to see a Shakespeare play and he comes home and gets the book and wants to read it."

It will be interesting to see how these plays done in the "Elizabethan manner by the Ben Greet Company of London will appeal to children. With a preparation of reading from Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, if not from the original plays, a child over ten years of age may go to these matinees with great pleasure and much profit. This "Shakespeare Festival" is an opportunity for us all and I hope many children will be allowed to feed here their "dramatic instinct."

E. T. K.

The Playroom.

For children over nine years of age lead melting and molding is a delightful occupation and one which calls forth considerable powers of invention and construction. As do all primitive industries, it appeals strongly to the child. On the valuable play room table of which we spoke once before—that low, substantial, painted, fine table too good to be hurt by anything—let there stand a Bünsen burner attached by a rubber tube to a gas jet. Lead may be bought for a few cents at a plumber's. An old iron spoon is the best thing to melt the lead in. One can buy bullet molds for a small sum at a hardware store—but there is more joy to the children in making their own molds. They may cut these in wood or make them in soft sand. They may use fancy buttons to stamp a pattern.

Of course, some precautions must be taken in thus playing with fire and molten metal. Not more than two children should do it at one time and a grown person should always be near at hand. In a good many years' experience we have not known any accident of consequence resulting from this occupation. With a Bünsen burner some glass melting and blowing may be done and other fascinating work.

Dr. John Dewey says: "We cannot overlook the importance for educational purposes of the close and intimate acquaintance got with nature at first hand, with real things and materials, with the actual processes of their manipulation, and the knowledge of their social necessities and uses."

Dialogue; A Six-Year-Old and His Mother.

Boy—Please read this to me, Mother.

Mother—"I hold it truth with him who sings,
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That we can climb on stepping stones
Of our dead selves to higher things."

Boy—I don't see how you can have more than one dead self.

Mother—It means that when you do the right thing it is easier to do it next time, and that is like climbing up.

Boy—Oh, I thought it meant that when you died you stepped on your dead body and stepped up into heaven. (Pause).

I think I took a step down today, Mother.

Mother—Did you?

Boy—Yes. I was cross to little brother.

Mother—You can step up again, can't you?

Boy—Yes.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

The Mystery.

Sometimes my papa, when it's night and time to go to bed,
He takes me on his lap—an' nen I cuddle down my head
An' he 'ist hold me nice an' close an' sing a lot o' things
All whispery an' soft—you know the way your papa sings.
An' nen—next thing I know, why, it's tomorrow! An' I've been
Tooked to my bed—an' I don't know who was it tucked me in.

My papa, when he says 'at he will sing me off to sleep,
He holds my head against him—an' there's something awful deep
An' buzzin' like inside o' him, like our cat when it purrs.
An' he 'ist laugh—an' mama, too—when I ast where is hers,
'Cause she don't purr at all. But most 'at puzzles me is why
Next thing I know I'm wakin' up an' lookin' at the sky.

Sometimes when me an' papa sits an' he sings low to me
I think I'll keep myself awake, an' nen I know I'll see
Whoever takes me up th' stairs an' turns th' covers down.
An' by an' by, somehow, when he is singin' "Sleepy Town,"
Why, I forget 'ist when he stops, an' I wake up again
An' I'm right in my little bed, an' it's tomorrow nen.

I ast my papa why it is, an' where does people go
When they think 'at they go to sleep—an' he say he don't know,
Utceptin' 'at th' best o' life, sometimes, to him, it seems,
Is when us folks 'at's worn an' tired goes to the Land o' Dreams.
But I don't know 'ist what that means, an' nen I wouldn't care
If I knew when I went to bed, an' who put me in there.

My papa says there's lots o' things 'at we can't understand,
An' 'at there's lots o' paths where we can't see the guidin' hand,
But 'at if we 'ist do our part, an' keep a movin' on,
The song 'at sings us all to sleep will echo in the dawn—
We'll lie down in our Father's arms an' wake to find the day,
An' never ask nor wonder how we came along the way.

—*W. D. N. in the Chicago Tribune.*

Foreign Notes.

SMALL FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.—Though not intended for publication, I think Mme. degli Asinelli will pardon me if I share with UNITY readers some portions of a letter just received voicing her appreciation of that paper's sympathetic attitude toward the cause she has so much at heart. Under date of March 12 she writes:

"As you were the first to write in America about the sufferings of the Boers since the war, I think you ought to be the first to know of the happy turn things are taking in your country. It is little, very little, but most encouraging and I feel you will rejoice as I do over the welcome result.

"Since August last I have written to about 300 clergymen, editors, senators, philanthropists and others in the United States. Now and then I received encouraging answers; good advice or simply a few words expressing sympathy with Miss Hobhouse's vast and arduous undertaking. Lately, Bishop D. S. Tuttle of St. Louis sent me the first American donation. Then, in succession, innumerable letters arrived from people promising me to try and collect money for our cause. This morning Mrs. Darwin R. James offers to insert in many religious papers part of Miss Hobhouse's circular and a letter of mine on the state of things in the Transvaal. Nothing could have afforded me more pleasure. * * * Things do look brighter, and I do feel grateful to UNITY that started the interest for a '*cause morte en Amérique.*'

"You will be interested to hear that Miss Hobhouse is now settled in the Transvaal distributing clothing, farming implements, teams of oxen, seeds, and so on to the ruined farmers. As to her work among the women, we have received no tidings about it as yet, though we know that everything has been planned in a most practical way. Money is the thing we need.

"In February I sent you a copy of the *Tribune* giving an account of Rev. Van Heerden's and General Kritzinger's lecture, which created such sympathy in this city. During the two days they passed here we had long talks, on intimate subjects which no Boer likes to discuss in public. They gave us heart-rending details of the moral sufferings of their people and of their cruel poverty. The country is utterly ruined and they added that if it were not for Miss Hobhouse's efforts, and for our generosity, the Boers could never get over their present pitiable state. Actual food is not wanting, as they have just enough 'mealies' to keep body and soul together; but the growing generation is suffering from want of proper nourishment and is moreover bereft of all educational advantages. Children having no boots and hardly the proper clothes to cover them, cannot walk miles over miles to the neighboring schools. When I think of all they said, I feel all the more grateful for the small ray of sun which is illuminating our path in America."

The above paragraphs are not a translation but the very words of the writer. Should any one feel moved by them to cheer and help her still further, contributions may be sent to Mme. Evelyn degli Asinelli, 8 Grand Pré, Geneva, Switzerland, or to Miss Pretious, Secretary S. A. Distress Fund, 299 King's Road, Chelsea, S. W., England. The latter is the more direct way to make remittances, but in doing so kindly mention the Countess Asinelli. M. E. H.

Writing of the children of Oberammergau, the sometime-to-be actors in the famous Passion Play, Mrs. Charles D. Crewdson says in the April Delineator:

"Through their relation to the Passion Play the children of Oberammergau are unique. Yet I have found them, just of themselves, possessed of an unusual power to please and interest, graced with an Old-World charm of manner, versatile in talent, full of religious and legendary lore, humorous and frolicsome, at one and the same time children and little men and women of the world. * * * To these young lives the marvelous Passion Play comes not as something alien. It is their birthright, their idol, their pastime. Absolutely unaware of any irreverence, they play 'Passion Play,' just as other boys and girls play circus. Once I found them on the village meadow rehearsing some of the scenes of the Passion Play. Each child understood the sequence of the whole drama, and most of them knew by heart the words of one or more roles. Stage properties were not lacking where there were childhood's adaptiveness and imagination; stage-setting there was of the pillared mountains and the shimmering blue curtains of haze that draped them. Hans, beautiful Hans, with the transcendent gray hazel eyes and amber-dipped ringlets, gave the 'Entry into Jerusalem,' riding a big St. Bernard in the midst of the band of children. The Sanhedrim assembled on some abandoned kegs. Caiaphas, perched a keg higher than his compeers, spoke his part fluently. Judas pocketed thirty pieces of tin in a manner that showed careful study of his grown-up prototype.

"Every girl in Oberammergau supplicates that she may one day be deemed worthy to play the Holy Virgin. And surely will an answer come to the invocation of one of these clever children who helped to play the 'Leave-taking of Bethany.' Perhaps the same child-Mary who laid her head upon the child-Christ will, in six years, move multitudes to sobs, in the great theater."

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